

\$10.

PILED DRIVERS



ADULTS ONLY

drive it deeper





I was standing on the corner, waiting for the light to change, when I saw him standing there listening to one of the numerous preachers cluttering the corner. He was about five foot six or seven and weighed about 145 pounds. His hair was dark and cut very short and contrasted beautifully with his blue eyes. Judging from his clothes: gray continentals, not too tight, and a blue-striped shirt, I supposed he was in the service

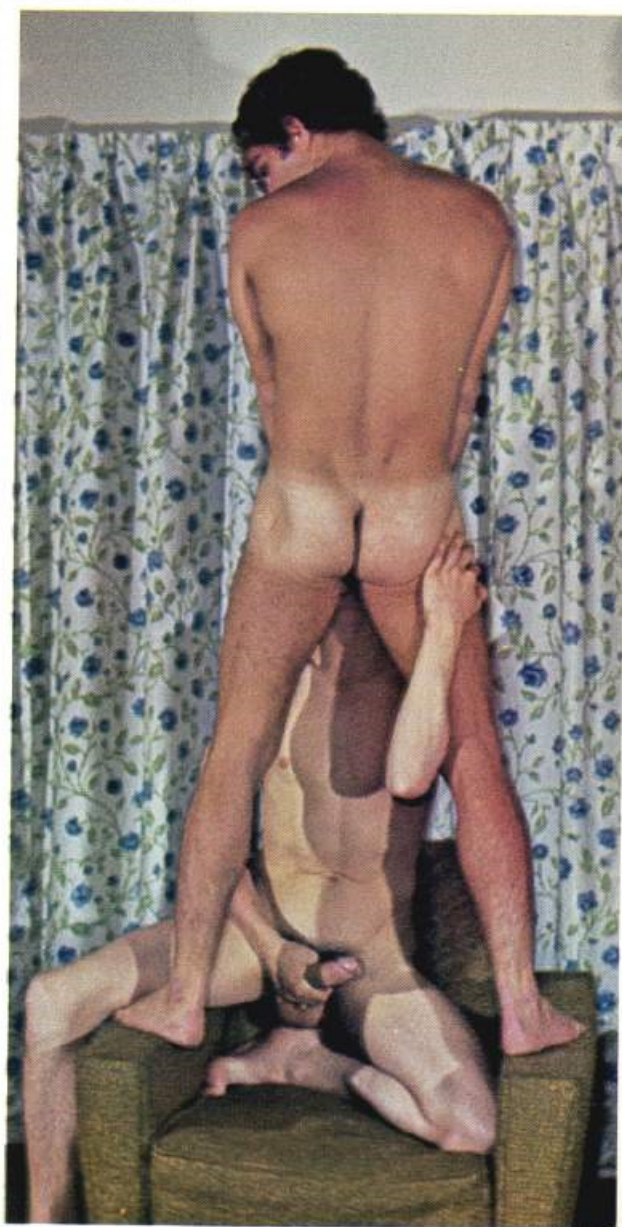


personnel, no matter what they are wearing, that stands out.

It is sort of a neatness or cleanliness that you see nowhere else. The light turned green, but I hesitated and then I walked over to listen to the preacher. I stood right behind the guy and made some comment about the ridiculousness of the spiel that we were listening to. He smiled politely, and agreed. His smile was beautiful. I hurried to continue the conversation and he seemed agreeable. We talked for a few moments and he seemed so at ease that I was

encouraged to suggest a cup of coffee. He hesitated a moment and then agreed. Of course, when I had first seen him, my immediate thoughts were of sex, but the more I talked to him, the more he seemed so off guard to anything like this, so unaware of his good looks, that I decided not to try to make him.

He was so good-looking though, that I had to stay with him as long as possible anyway. We went to a coffee shop just up the street and sat at a table in the back. The waitress brought the coffee and I



put some money in the jukebox. To the background of Earl Grant's "Malaguena," I discovered his name was Alan. It fit; I offered him a cigarette and lit it for him. It was refreshing not to have him hold my hand as I did so. For some reason, if he had, I would have been very disappointed. As he drank his coffee, I looked at his hands. They were not too large, like the rest of him, and they were finely masculine. I noticed that his nails were clean.

He told me that he had been up all the night before at a wedding reception for one of his buddies. Consequently, he was very tired. We had discussed going to a movie, but after hearing this, we decided against it. He was so friendly and natural, I still couldn't believe it. I hadn't used any of my usual tactics to get him up to my room, and yet I felt that if I asked him to come up, that he would agree.

It was as simple as that. No big story to get him up there, no false-ness about it at all. I just asked him and he said yes. We left the cafe and walked to my hotel. I was very calm, and felt at ease with him. We went up to my room. He lay down on his back on the bed and sighed and stretched. I turned on the radio, and he picked up my copy of *Catcher in the Rye*. I had just finished reading it and it was lying on the nightstand. He thumbed through it and we talked about it a little bit. I felt so strange being here like this. Everything was so natural. I couldn't keep my eyes off him, but he seemed unaware of it. I suddenly remembered that I hadn't found out what branch of the service he was in. I still assumed that he was in one of them. He said that he was in the Marines and I almost fell over. This was like no Marine I had ever met before. Conversation lagged after this and it was obvious that before long he was going to be asleep. I reached over and took off his





shoes like I had been doing it all of my life and he seemed to find nothing strange about it.

He stretched again and murmured thanks. He closed his eyes and hummed to the tune that was on the radio. I asked him how old he was and he said eighteen and went back to humming. We stopped talking and in a few minutes, he was asleep. I just sat there watching him. I still had made no reference to sex at all and here I was sitting there doing nothing about it. I had a beautiful boy in my room and nothing was happening. For me this was unbelievable. I reached over and began to unbutton his shirt. Believe it or not, I still had no thoughts of making him! I lifted him up carefully and removed his shirt. He wore no skivvy shirt. He didn't wake up. He must really be tired. It took me ten minutes to get up enough nerve to remove his slacks. I didn't want him to get them all wrinkled,

but I was afraid that if I took those off too, he would awaken and get the wrong idea.

For some reason, I didn't want this boy to dislike me. Finally, I reached over and undid his belt and unzipped his pants. I was so nervous I was shaking like a leaf, and I was suddenly very stimulated. I pulled off his pants and hung them over the chair. Now he lay there in just his shorts. His body was tanned and firm. His skin looked so smooth and unblemished that I couldn't help running my hand over his stomach. Still he didn't stir. I forced myself to stay above the line where his shorts met his stomach. He was completely relaxed and peaceful. I couldn't take my eyes from his face, he looked so serene and childlike in his sleep.

I couldn't help myself, and I leaned over and kissed him. I didn't care if he woke up or not,
(Continued on Page 8)



or if he left right then, I had to kiss him at least once. He stirred slightly, but didn't awaken. I threw caution to the winds and kissed him again, running my hand through his hair. It was very soft



and yet he had no oil or grease on it. By this time, I was completely excited and having gone this far, I reached down and ran my hand over the front of his shorts. It was still soft, but as I massaged it, it









began to get hard. I moved down and slowly pulled the edge of his shorts until it reached to his ankles.

His meat was beautifully proportioned to the rest of his body. I leaned over and kissed the head and then just watched as it slowly rose and got completely hard. He must be awake now, but I looked up and his eyes were still closed. After going this far, I took the head in my mouth and felt the smoothness of it. I ran my tongue over it and then slowly went down all the way. I felt his body twitch slightly. I refused to look up at him. I didn't want to know if he was awake or not. I started sucking and running my tongue over the underside. I could see his stomach muscles contract and relax as I went up and down on him. I listened for his breathing, but all I could hear was my own. He was evidently determined not to show that he knew what was going on. Maybe he didn't.

I had never been through anything like this in my life. I was sure no one could sleep through a blow job, and yet he showed no response outside of an occasional contraction of muscles. I began working faster and I could feel his meat getting very hot. It was throbbing in my mouth and I knew he was getting close to climax. I went down as far as possi-



ble and the head entered my throat. I stayed there for a moment and then slowly came up and then down quickly again. Suddenly he arched his body and I felt his hands on my head forcing me all the way down. This reaction upset me so much that I came at the same time he did. His body twitched again and again as he shot into me and the front of my pants were getting all messed up. Then he was finished and his body relaxed again. I got up, washed his meat with a cloth and pulled up his shorts again. All this time, I still hadn't looked at his face. Now I looked up at him and he was wide awake. I searched his face for some sign of revulsion. There was none. I swallowed and tried to relax. "I'm sorry," I said, "I couldn't help it."

"You don't have to be sorry. I could have stopped you, but I had always heard of this kind of thing, and I wanted to try it out. When I met you today, I wasn't sure if you were one of them or not. But I was so tired and you were friendly so I figured, what the hell."

"Are you sorry you came up?"

"No."

"Good. It doesn't have to ever happen again if you don't want it to."

"I'm not sure whether I do or not. It was different than anything I have ever done before, but it wasn't unpleasant."

So we talked about it and the more I talked to him, the more I had to force myself not to fall in love with him. Eventually, the conversation slowed again and I could see he was very tired. "Lay back and get some sleep, if you like," I said. "I'll leave you alone this time."

"I think I will; I'm so tired. And I'm not worried about you leaving me alone. As I said, it wasn't bad." He smiled and closed his eyes and I felt my stomach

(Continued on Page 15)





flip. I lay down beside him and laid my arm across his stomach. I kissed him once more before he went to sleep and then I too drifted off.

When I woke up he was gone. I told myself I should have expected it, but it still upset me. I wanted him back so bad I hurt. I sent down to room service for coffee and just stayed in my room for the rest of the day. I told myself I should go out cruising to forget it, but I couldn't face up to it. I tried to read and then I tried to watch television, but all I could think of was Alan. Finally about ten

o'clock, I decided I had to get out of the room or go buggy. I changed clothes and was just going out the door when I saw him coming up the corridor. I tried to relax but it was no good. Then he was at the door and asked if he could come in. Silly question. We talked and he said that he had been all mixed up and that he had wanted to think it over. Then he had come back. We lay on the bed and talked until very late. Then we got undressed and got into it.

Lying there in the dark with the radio playing very softly and feeling his warm body next to mine

drove me out of my mind. I could not keep my hands off of him. But he didn't seem to mind. He said he had decided that this was the way things should be. He wanted to learn all about sex with men. He had a very willing teacher. He spent the whole weekend. That night, after we had lain there talking about it, we decided to go sixty-nine. We got into position and he learned very fast. I told him to take only a little bit at a time and it wasn't long before he was all the way down on me. I told him and showed him how to

(Continued on Page 17)





use his tongue. He was soon sucking me for all he was worth.

We were both reaching climax too fast, so I told him to stop for a while and I started to play with his ass with my tongue. I kissed it all over and then worked my tongue up into him. It drove him wild and he started to do the same thing to me. You would be sur-

prised how long you can do this without reaching the boiling point. It is the most frustrating thing in the world. I could feel his tongue on and in my ass, and it was just enough to excite me, but not enough to the point of coming. Then I went down on him again and he did the same. By this time we were both very hot and

we had both only gone down twice before we came. He locked his legs around my head and shoved in as far as possible. I could feel his body tense, and he made little whimpering sounds as he begged me to come also.

The next morning, I woke up before he did and I raised up on

(Continued on Page 19)





my elbow and just looked at him. My God, he was good-looking! Finally he stirred and opened his eyes. He reached up and pulled me down and kissed me. We lay there for a while not saying anything. I was caressing him and running my hands through his hair and before long, we were both getting excited again. I had planned on going sixty-nine again, but without realizing it, I ended up sitting on his stomach. I could feel his hard cock poling me in the back and so I raised up and gently let it enter my ass. We took it very slow and soon it was all the way in. I began to work it around a little bit and he looked up at me and smiled. "Oh, Ray, it feels so good. Make it last and last and last. I don't want to ever stop."

But of course it would, because we could only hold off so long. He reached up and started to jack me off, and all the time he was raising and lowering his body and writhing around on the bed. He started to moan softly and I knew he was ready. I could feel every inch of his meat inside of me as he fucked wildly. He was jacking me off like mad and I could feel myself ready to come. My body tensed and I threw back my head and whispered his name over and over. "Oh, Alan, Alan, Alan, oh baby, keep it up. I'm coming."

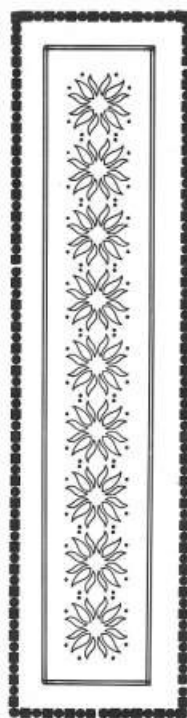
Then I shot all over his stomach and right after, I felt him freeze as he forced his way up as far as possible. He shuddered and closed his eyes. I watched his face as it changed from passion to ecstasy to relaxation. He held his breath as he came, and his whole body was motionless. Then it was over and we both lay back completely exhausted. We fell asleep again and after waking, I ordered breakfast. Later, I took him back to the base and he promised to come back next weekend. He did. That was two years ago. Now he lives with me and I don't bother cruising anymore.























Hard Driver

At one time during my stay in Africa, I was stationed at what had once been a very fashionable summer resort. Because the weather was terrifically hot most of the time we were there, it wasn't unusual to spend most of our time in the sea, and the usual manner of swimming was in the nude since there was little danger of any females coming around. It was strictly a male's paradise. Many an afternoon I sat on the porch of the library, watching nude bathers through a pair of binoculars borrowed from a friend. There was every conceivable kind of prick there, and they were all usually in various degrees of hardness. The really interesting sight was to watch those who had already had their swim and were sunning; lying there on the beach in complete abandon. Every once in a while a

prick would slowly start to rise, its owner probably dreaming of better times, and soon it would be standing upright, straight as a pole. Then the kidding would start. Some of them were lovely poles and provoked daydreams of how wonderful it would feel to have that hard pole in one's mouth, and to caress it with one's lips and tongue. Sometimes I wondered, if it was all kidding, for one day two beautiful men were fooling around rather close to the library. They both had terrific hard-ons, but one had a larger pole which the other was trying to get stuck up his ass; once or twice it got stuck in far enough that I didn't think they were pretending. The other fellows on the beach were having a good laugh over the performance while I sat there with a pulsating prick that could do

nothing but pulsate.

That evening as it was getting dark, I went for a swim down the beach, a short distance from the quarters, which were now occupied by only a few British flying officers. I shed all my clothes and waded out into the water. I couldn't swim, but the water was cool and felt wonderful after the heat of the day. After fifteen minutes of splashing around and thinking over the sights of the afternoon, I noticed I was not alone. I could see someone swimming farther out in the sea toward a sandbar which was a favorite resting place. Since I couldn't wade out that far, I went back to the beach and I lay down on my towel. I never got back into the water that night, for in about ten minutes I heard the swimmer approaching the shore. I raised up on

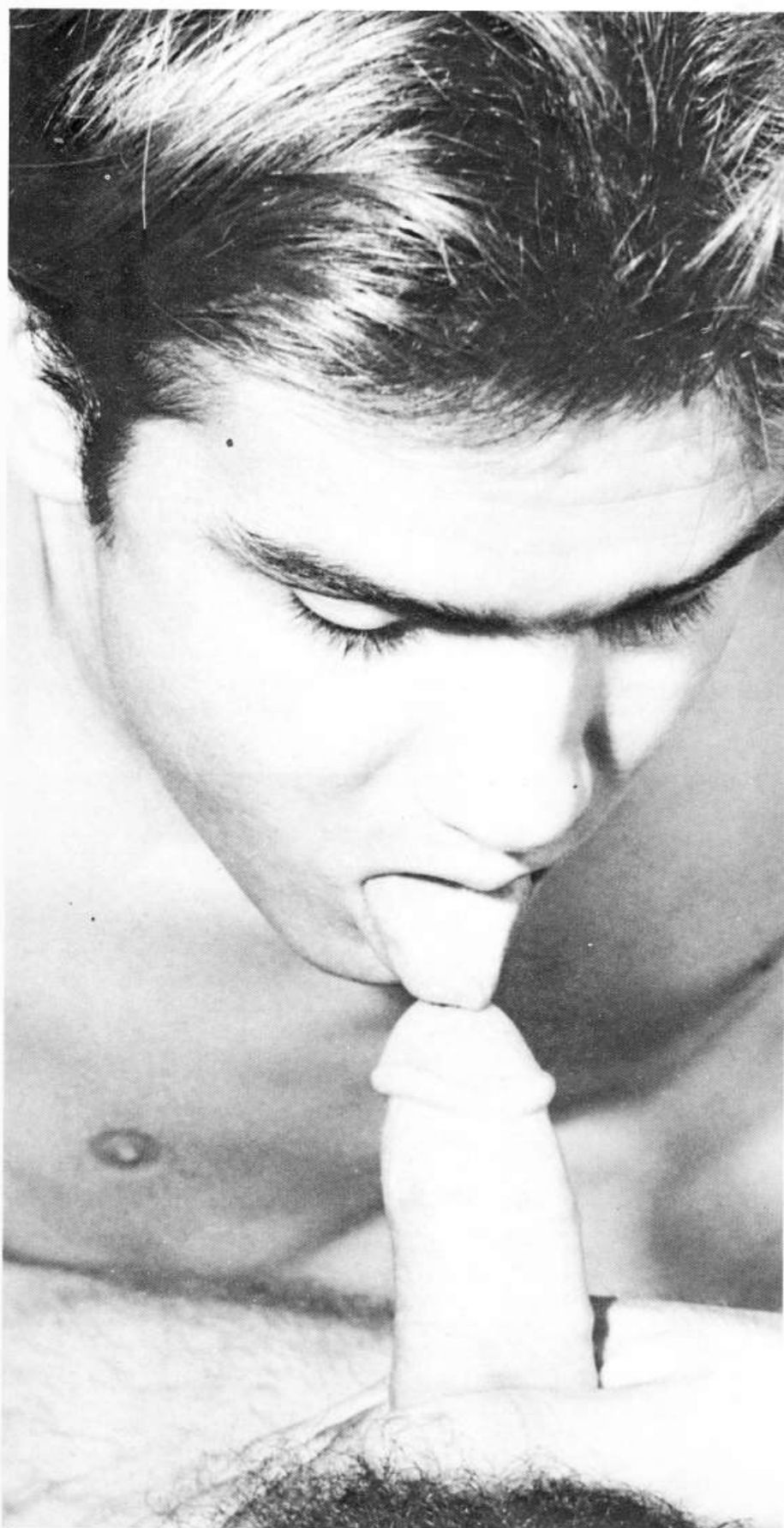




my elbows and saw a rather huge figure wading in to shore and heading straight toward where I lay. I didn't know whether to get up and leave, but decided to stay there and see what happened. When he came closer I could see he had also not worn any shorts. He walked over and dropped down beside me without any hesitation and began talking with me. I learned he was one of the British flying officers stationed in the Villa behind us, and he never went swimming except at night, for he hated to wear trunks and didn't like to go swimming nude in front of everybody on the beach.

We talked for some time as I was lying on my back, and he was resting on one elbow looking down into my face, my prick was having a very hard time not to rare up without ado, but I managed to keep it halfway soft while trying to see his in the meantime. There was only a little moonlight, but I managed to get a pretty definite





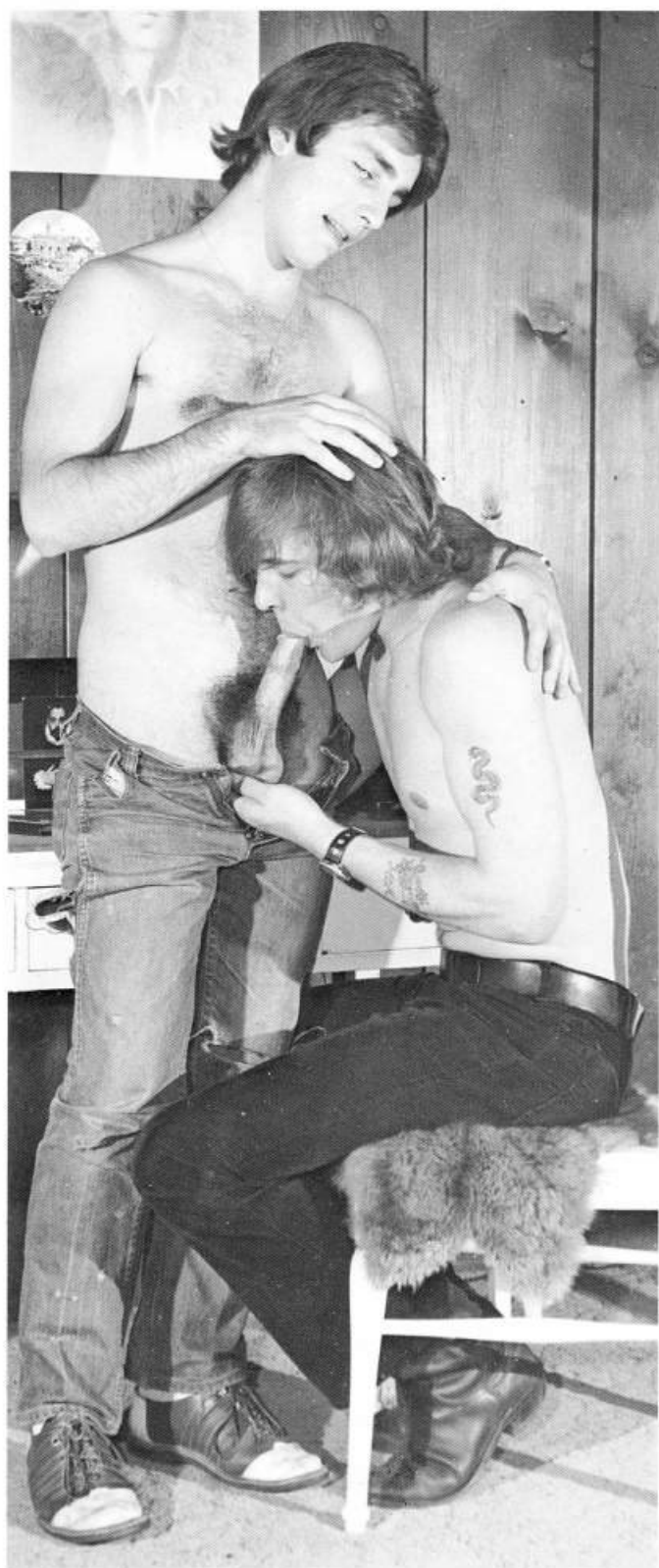
idea of his shape and looks, which were both exciting. He smelled fresh and wet, very masculine, and I could see vaguely that he was well hung. I was certain it was far from soft, so I let myself go and my dick really got hard.

I noticed several times that he was looking me over from head to toe, and would pause momentarily when he got to the regions of my now pulsating dick. Finally I switched the conversation to Piccadilly Circus, Cafe Royale, and a few other choice spots around London, so he would have no doubt as to what I expected. I also talked about Oscar Wilde to clinch my argument.

It was exactly what he had been waiting for, since I could see his dick begin to swell with anticipation. I rolled on my side and up onto my elbow so that my prick was pointing directly at his now rigid pole. I suggested he share my towel with me, since he would be getting sand all over him lying on the beach. He said he would wash the sand off first and then lie down, as he went into the water. When he came back he dropped down beside me, and since the towel wasn't large enough to hold us both unless we were close together, he was right up against me.

As he lay down, our hard pricks came together for a second and then his arms went around me pulling me close into a warm embrace. Our lips came together in a very passionate kiss; he drew my tongue into his warm mouth and sucked on it, and when he was through I eagerly sucked on his, crushing his exciting body against mine. His huge prick was throbbing against my thighs and mine rested between our stomachs. That first kiss lasted a long time, as we held each other with one arm and let the other wander caressingly over each other's backs, down across the ass to the hair

(Continued on Page 37)









surrounding our pricks. Finally we held each other's throbbing prick in our hands.

He took his lips from mine and suggested it would be better to go to his room, and explained he slept alone and had a portable cot. It would be much safer than being out here on the beach, and I readily agreed. We walked over to the Villa with our towels wrapped around us. It was very dark so he took my hand and led me up the stairs to his room, locking the door once we were inside. I dropped my clothes into a chair, and once more he took me into his arms, practically smothering me with kisses. His hand undid my towel and it fell to the floor, and we stood there naked, everything revealed and throbbing for action.

I thought we might double up on the cot, but he had a better idea and took all the blankets off the cot, spreading them on the floor to make a very comfortable pallet. He got another towel, washcloth, pan of water, a tube of Vaseline, and came back to me on the pallet. I lay on my back with my hard prick sticking straight up, and he washed me very gently around the balls, between my legs, the hair around my prick and then my throbbing prick itself, until all the sea water had been washed away. Then he washed himself and lay down, taking me into his strong arms immediately.

He placed his lovely cock between my legs, which I squeezed as tightly as I could to imprison it there. My cock lay against his stomach so that when he began moving his cock in and out between my legs the action also began rubbing my prick against his stomach. We began kissing again, and he let his tongue flip easily into my mouth and I began sucking it as it probed the inner recesses of my throat. Then he began a few short pushes between my legs with his prick, and I could feel the hot, naked head of his

dong caressing the cheeks of my ass with every thrust. Soon his prick was throbbing violently, so he rose on his arms while I rolled over on my stomach. He was still astride me, and raising up on his knees, he reached for the Vaseline and began to grease my ass with it. He then greased his prick, pulling the skin back as far as it would go and greasing every inch of it back down to his stomach. I lay there eagerly awaiting the entry of the lovely prick into my ass, and to have every inch of it stuck into me.

While I held the cheeks of my ass apart, he started to very gently ease it in. With all the greasing and the browning I had done recently, he had no trouble slipping it in. He had about nine inches of slender cock, a perfect tool for fucking, and he had a wonderful technique. He began slowly pushing it in as far as it would go, letting his lovely balls jiggle against my ass each time. When he felt it was sliding back and forth with sufficient ease for a really good fuck, he lowered himself down on my
(Continued on Page 39)





back, grasping my cock with one hand and my balls with the other. This made me raise my ass up to meet his every thrust, so he could drive his cock into me to the very last inch. He began going up and down, in and out of my asshole with a rhythmic motion that had anything beat for smoothness that I had ever met in my life. Even when it came time for him to shoot his load, he was still going smoothly. Perhaps the amount of Vaseline helped the smoothness, but it was the least painful and most exciting fucking I had ever had. He was jerking me off at the same time, also using a smooth stroke, and just as he began to shoot his own nuts, he gave one mighty pull and yanked down on my prick and I also shot my load. I squeezed my cheeks together to

(Continued on Page 41)







hold that lovely prong in me as long as I could, and just lay there enjoying the feeling of his hot prick filling my ass. When it softened, he pulled it out and I turned over on the blanket. He washed our pricks off and then the Vaseline off my ass, which still felt good from his fucking.

We lay down and began kissing again. He kissed my eyes, nose, mouth and then began kissing my chest, letting his tongue and teeth caress my tits. With treatment like this it didn't take long before my prick was straight as a ramrod again. He kept on tonguing and kissing my body, slowly moving down to the navel, letting his tongue grope searchingly into it. Soon he was down to my prick and his lips and tongue lovingly began to caress the head of it and

(Continued on Page 43)







to slide gently up and down the entire shaft. He tongued the slit and sucked gently on the head, gradually turning his body and bringing his own prick up to my face. I turned on my side and eagerly began to kiss his hard prick and tongue the head. He took my cock deep into his throat and I went down all the way on his until I could feel the hot, pulsating head of it deep in the recesses of my throat. We both began to suck vigorously, slowly at first, and then faster as the eagerness to taste each other's cream became almost unbearable. Our tongues slid down the rigid shafts, and our noses rested in pubic hair. Then we began sucking with everything we had, wrapping our arms around each other's ass, finger-fucking as we sucked. Our loads shot at just about the same time and he filled my mouth with the sweet cum I wanted so badly. He raised his
(Continued on Page 46)



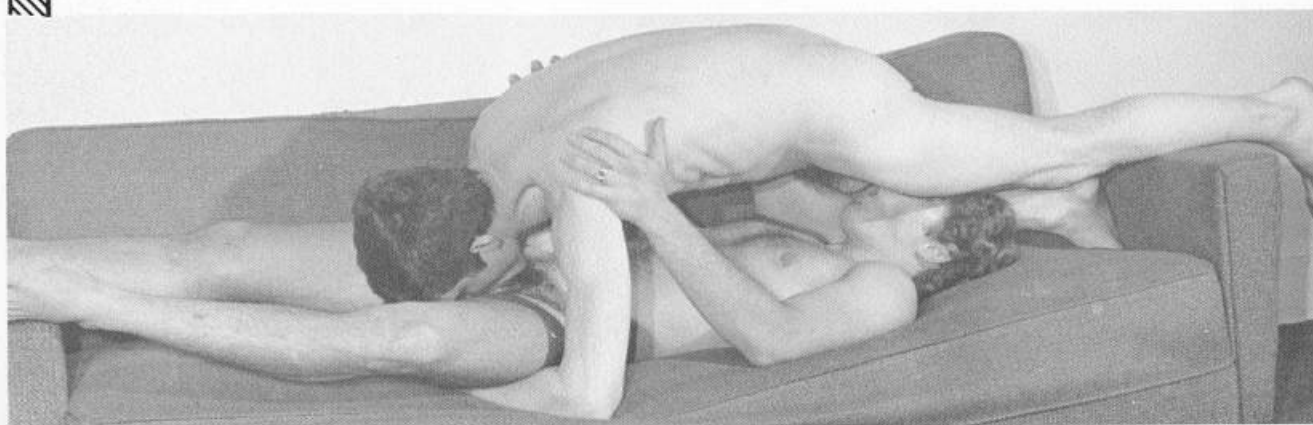






mouth to mine and we kissed, exchanging a little of each other's juice and swallowed.

We lay there for over an hour resting and letting our hands roam over each other's body at will. Since bed check was at 11:00, I arose and dressed. The next day I saw him out drilling his men, and saluted as I passed. He smiled and winked, and pointed to the beach letting me know he would meet me there again tonight. There were many such pleasure-filled nights for the next two months until I was transferred. He never did learn my identity, but I know his as he is now a famous officer commanding an army that may determine the fate of India.







SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED